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It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar for next week be sent to the *Publisher* not later than Tuesday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, December 21.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield Road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Balham Assembly Rooms (Small Hall), 3, Rev. Dr. MORITZ WESTON.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. H. N. CALEY.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. PIGGOTT.
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 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON; 7, Rev. H. E. B. SPEIGHT.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. BASIL MARTIN, M.A. Evening discourses during December:—"Religion in Robert Browning." Dec. 21, "Christmas Eve."
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. A. J. HEALE; and 7.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. Gow, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. JAMES DRUMMOND.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11, Rev. F. HANKINSON; 7, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. S. MOSSOP; 7, Mr. R. SORESENSEN.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. W. ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt.D., M.A.
 South Norwood League House, 141, Portland-road, 7, Miss M. FRANCIS.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. S. MOSSOP; 6.30, Mr. A. J. HEALE.
 The Theistic Church, Swallow-street, W., 11 and 7, Rev. WALTER WALSH, D.D.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15 and 7, Rev. NEANDER ANDERTON, B.A.
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 West Hampstead, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN; 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Mr. W. LEE, B.A.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. T. P. SPEDDING.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 6.30, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.
 BOLTON, Halliwall-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11, Mr. PERCIVAL CHALK; 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Church-gate-street, 11 and 6.45, Rev. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.
 {DEAN Row, 10.45 and
 {STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, B.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. HEMING VAUGHAN.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR LOCKETT.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. VICTOR MOODY.
 HULL, Park-street Church (Unitarian), 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.
 LISCARD-WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. R. F. RATTRAY, M.A., Ph.D.; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A. Tuesday, December 23, 1.15 to 1.45, Rev. DENDY AGATE, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.
 MANCHESTER, Upper Brook-street, Free Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. SEALEY, M.A.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. JACKS.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. M. ROWE.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.; 6.30, Rev. J. W. COCK.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. S. HURN, B.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAH.
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpelier-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. B. STALLWORTHY.
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 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11, Rev. BASIL MARTIN, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15, Rev. H. Gow, B.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. S. MOSSOP.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. A. J. HEALE.

BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 GEE CROSS, 11, Rev. F. HEMING VAUGHAN.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS. Special Music.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B., and Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN.

BIRTH.

CURREY.—On December 11, at Yeabridge, South Petherton, the wife of James Elliot Currey, Vermilion, Alberta, of a daughter.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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•• All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays we shall go to press on Tuesday next week. News and advertisements must reach the office not later than the first post on Tuesday morning.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It was natural that his political friends should entertain Mr. Bryce on his return home from the United States; but the dinner given to him last week at the National Liberal Club had a significance far beyond the range of party politics. It was a recognition of the superb qualities which has made him one of the greatest ambassadors of our time. Mr. Bryce went to Washington without the disadvantage of long training in the arts of diplomacy. He brought to his task a wide knowledge of men and affairs and a large faith in the value of conciliation and mutual understanding, and he has succeeded as a man where the official moving along the narrow lines of traditional etiquette would have failed. He has made himself the best link between America and ourselves, and the example he has set of the ambassador in the new style can hardly fail to have far-reaching effects in the world of diplomacy. It is tempting to dream of what might have happened if he had gone to Berlin.

In the course of his speech Mr. Bryce spoke gravely of the growth of race antagonisms in the self-governing Dominions of the Empire. On the other hand, he referred with confidence and hope to the high standards which were observed in public life. There were, he said, three things very encouraging and cheering

in the condition of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. One was that the public life of the Colonies was pure. Public opinion maintained there the high standard which had been held in this country since the days of Chatham and Pitt, and no man who was seriously tainted could hold his ground in politics. In the second place, the Judicial Bench was absolutely above suspicion, and that was largely due to the fact that British precedents had been faithfully observed. The third thing was that the Executive was strong, law and order were well maintained, and there were no disturbances or violence anywhere. Indeed, everywhere one travelled one found that Great Britain was taken as the type and model of a community which had succeeded in reconciling liberty with order, a community that was not afraid of violence breaking out because everyone had faith in constitutional methods. It would be a loss to the world, as well as a mark of our decline, if the standard set up by our forefathers, if the glory and fame of the British example of uniting liberty and order should ever be suffered to depart.

A MEMORIAL to the Boer women and children who died in the concentration camps during the Boer War was unveiled amid deeply moving scenes at Bloemfontein on Tuesday. The speeches on the occasion did honour to all concerned. There was no attempt to rekindle the ashes of past controversy. Suffering has once again brought healing to bitter strife, and sacred memories have left no room for angry words. Unfortunately Miss Emily Hobhouse, whose splendid service in circumstances of appalling difficulty men of all parties are now prepared to honour, was too unwell to be present; but she sent an address which was read, noble in its appeal to the instincts of freedom and most touching in its gracious memories of

the dead. It concluded with the following words:—

“Women! high or low, rich or poor, who have met here in your thousands to-day, do not go empty away. You cannot be as if these dead had not died. Your country demands also your lives and your powers, though in another way. These dead women . . . have shown the world that never again can it be said that woman deserves no rights as citizen because she takes no part in war. This statue stands as a denial of that assertion. Women, in equal numbers to the men, earned the right to such words as the famous Athenian uttered at the grave of his soldiers:—‘They gave their bodies to the commonwealth, receiving each for her own memory praise that will never die.’”

THE meeting held in the Kensington Town Hall last Monday to protest against cruelties to performing animals was a fit harbinger of the Christmas season. Nothing could have been finer than Mr. Galsworthy’s plea for a more intelligent humanity in all the relations of life. “Nothing,” he said, “endangered the fineness of the human heart so much as the possession of power over others. Nothing corroded the heart so much as the callous or cruel exercise of that power, and the more helpless the creature over which power is exercised the more the heart was corroded. It was the recognition of that fact which had brought the conscience of the age, and with it the law, to say that we cannot with impunity inflict suffering on any sentient thing. All suffering, in fact, was unnecessary, and the infliction of suffering, in whatever form, was a sin against the conscience of the age. To those who were tempted by the devil of irreflection to say that this was a creed of softness and sentiment he would say that no man ever became a stoic by inflicting pain on others.”

LORD HALDANE had some severe things to say last Monday night about the English indifference to education. In Scotland and Wales he found plenty of keenness about education, but in England there was little keenness for anything but the religious controversy. This he regarded as a serious national danger. His own view was that one party was just as sectarian as the other. He believed that much larger and more liberal ideas would have to be entertained as to facilities and opportunities given under State supervision than had hitherto been the case if the problem of religious teaching was to be solved in the State schools—and in the State schools the question would have to be solved, because we could not go on much longer with the condition of things in which the State had no adequate control over a large portion of the schools which served the community.

* * *

It will probably be a shock to some people to discover that M. Anatole France, who has been received with distinguished homage by the *élite* of the English literary world, is both a Socialist and an enthusiastic apostle of peace; but even they will hardly be proof against the shafts of his irony. At the meeting of the Fabian Society held to welcome him last week, after confessing that he was a Socialist because for him Socialism was justice, he continued:—"I am a Socialist for a still more delicate and special reason—namely, out of pleasure. We all have our weaknesses and our indulgences. I am a Socialist because as a Socialist one enjoys the abuse of the foolish, the cowardly, and the ignorant. Take the case of Jaurès. He is a great and generous mind and the most eloquent of our orators. If placed on a pedestal formed of newspaper articles abusing him his head would reach higher than Napoleon on the Vendôme Column in Paris. This is the touchstone by which the power and excellence of a doctrine may be tested."

* * *

THE "Kikuyu" controversy in the Church of England, to which we referred last week, still pursues its brisk course in the columns of the *Times*. Dean Henson with his instinct for realities sees that the whole question turns upon the doctrine of exclusive orders, and sets himself in whole-hearted opposition to what he calls "the new Tractarian doctrine of Anglican isolation." "The Anglican tradition," he writes, "concerned itself with established Churches, and gives no direct precedents for our treatment of Nonconformists. But surely it must be admitted that the principles which required intercommunion between the Protestant Churches, in spite of differing forms of ecclesiastical government, provide a far more promising basis for handling the

newer questions raised by Nonconformity than the exclusive principles of Tractarianism which the Bishop of Zanzibar has so surprisingly asserted. I must needs think that the Church owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa for their action; and I hold it to be the clear duty of all who value Christian unity and the character of the Church of England as a Reformed Church to give to them a whole-hearted support."

* * *

MAY we call special attention to the appeal on behalf of Dublin children, issued by the White Cross League, which appears among our correspondence to-day. Mothers and children can be helped, whatever opinion may be held about the merits of the dispute which has brought them into such sore distress. We believe that many of our readers who have happy children in their own homes will welcome this opportunity of sharing their good things, and that others who owe much to Ireland for friends and books and holiday pleasures will be glad to pay back in this way a little of their debt. But let it be done quickly, for starvation brooks no delay, and Christmas will not tarry.

A Ballad of Christmas.

THE Dawn was trembling in the sky,
The Morning Star shone clear,
"But oh! this Christmas-tide," said I,
"What tidings of good cheer?"

I met Three Wise Men from the East
By Thames's banks, methought;
I cried, "Ye Magi, hath your quest
Some solace to us brought?"

O Caspar! hast a healing draught
To cure Death's mortal sting?"
—"I saw the Christ-Child's eyes, and
laughed,
For there the Arch-Fear took wing."

"Say, Melchior, are all potions vain
To ease the heart's sore loss?"
—"The Child spread out His arms, and
Pain
Grew Peace, nailed on Love's Cross."

"Balthazar, hast thou amulets
To soothe the body's pain?"
—"Whoso hath seen his smile, forgets
The flesh, for loss is gain."

"O well with you, ye happy Three!
With us it is not well;
How shall we wend so far to see
The Child of whom ye tell?"

"God leaves His witness for your sakes,
For every Christmas morn,
Where'er a little child awakes
The Christ-Child still is born."

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

MEN OF GOOD WILL.

THE Christmas message of peace is to men of a good will. To others it is passing strange, out of reach of their understanding. And so it comes to us year by year, not as a word spoken outside of us, with the promise of benefits to be conferred upon us without any effort of our own, but rather as a challenge to what is deepest in ourselves, rousing us to put forth new energy to meet its demands, kindling in us the desire for better manhood, for only so can we enter into the kingdom of heaven. Now its demands are manifold and hard, but the chief of them is this, that we are to be men of a good will. That is to say, we are not to be satisfied with noble sentiments and devout feelings. There must be an element of strong spiritual intention in our lives. We must set the goal of active harmony with the love and justice of GOD before us, and really intend to reach it. The good will apart from personal intention is a phrase without meaning.

For most of us there are many ways in which we find it easy to be generous and kind. On the side of its pitifulness and beneficence the Christian character has appealed to us strongly, and we should be deeply ashamed of ourselves if we gave none of our money away in charity or refused to take our share in public efforts for human welfare. The real difficulty begins when we are confronted by demands which give deep offence to our prejudices or seem to interfere with our right to do what we will with our own. For spiritual intention to do GOD's will requires of us that we should not only avoid the coarser forms of human selfishness, which are generally condemned, but should also have the courage to examine the current axioms of human life and the accepted institutions of society, especially as they affect our own judgment and behaviour. We have only to mention the question of private property and our attitude of alert self-defence when doubts are expressed about the fairness or utility of our present system of ownership, in order to discover a region where private interest may come into sharp conflict with a gospel of social well-being, and spiritual intention among men who have the ability to amass property almost ceases to exist.

And yet many of the most vital spiritual

Property, Its Duties and Rights, Historically, Philosophically and Religiously Regarded. Essays by Various Writers. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.

interests of modern life are concerned with this question of property, and no man ought to close his mind to its social significance, especially as it affects those who have no property either to distribute or to defend, if he claims to be of the Christian fellowship or desires to be reckoned as one who loves his fellow-men. What we plead for is not a foregone conclusion, but earnest and prayerful study of the question and a real intention to find the right solution, not from the point of view of our own habits and interests, but for society as a whole. The volume of *Essays on Property*, which has just been issued with an introduction by the Bishop of Oxford, will prove itself a most admirable guide. It treats the subject with a breadth of view and an intellectual power, which never degenerate into mere sentiment. To follow its masterly historical survey and its philosophical arguments is to experience a sense of mental regeneration on the whole subject, and to escape finally from the delusion that our present arrangements about property have the sanction either of immemorial custom or of fundamental human rights. There are many passages which seem to clamour for our attention, but we must be content with one by Mr. HOBHOUSE, which sets forth the bald actualities of the problem with a clearness from which there is no escape.

"It is not inequality as such," he writes, "that is the fundamental fact of our system. It is the entire dependence of the masses on land and capital which belong to others. Five out of six, I suppose, of the children now born, are born to no assured place in the industrial system. They have of their own no means of subsistence. They have hands and brains, but they have neither land to till nor stock to till it with. What is more, only a fraction of our population could be supported by agriculture; and for the cotton spinner, the railway man or the coal miner, there is no sense in talking of his owning the means of production as an individual. The rise of large scale industry has abolished the possibility of any form of individualism as a general solution of the economic problem."

Here, then, is the question of the inequalities of wealth reduced to its simplest terms. It can never be glossed over or ignored by men of good will, for they will always place the public advantage above their private gain. We suggest it as a subject for earnest meditation in the light of the Christmas revelation of love, while we are more troubled about our own selfishness and more anxious to be generous and fair than on ordinary days.

Mr. HOBHOUSE draws a clear distinction between wealth which we can use—that he regards as a condition of freedom and security—and wealth which exceeds what we can properly use, which attracts us chiefly because it gives us power over the lives of other men. The first question which we have to settle with ourselves is this:—Is it possible for a good man to desire more wealth than he can use, to indulge even in the dream of wealth for power, while five-sixths of the population are without the minimum of property, which would give them some effective control over their own lives? For many people this is a purely economic problem, and it never occurs to them to consider it as a matter of personal duty at all; but for the Christian, who knows that all our social arrangements are ultimately the expression of spiritual forces, the creation of the good or evil will, this question goes with him into the worship of God.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

WERE the angels who sang the first Christmas hymn the spirits of little children, we wonder, finding in heaven the unending service of joy which was never fulfilled on earth. Perhaps it is only a quaint fancy, and yet it is one which seems to fit in with all our thoughts of the advent of the holy Child, who is never folded so closely to our hearts as when we find a large place in our religion for simple joys and the innocent laughter of children. It is the Christ-child who should hallow with his presence all our festivities, bringing the brightness of new hope to old and weary eyes, making us lovers once again of all things that are simple and divinely fair, robbing even the gifts which we make to one another in token of our gladness of all false pomp and ostentation, for they must be emblems of the love which we would give to one another and to him.

We have come across one gift lately, sweet and precious enough for these holy uses. We hope that many happy mothers and children will receive it this Christmas time. It is the volume of poems by RABINDRANATH TAGORE, called "*The Crescent Moon*" (London: Macmillan & Co., 4s. 6d. net). Its music is like the blended voices of mother and child. Now the child launches the bark of his merry fancy on a boundless sea. Now the

mother breaks in with passionate yearning for the child at her side or the child in her heart.

"I stopped for a moment," the poet sings, "in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world."

And sometimes the poet sings of the mission of children in a world of strife, seeing in them heavenly peace-makers, unconscious pleaders for simplicity and love. The "*Child Angel*" is such a poem, and never has the message "*Of such is the kingdom of heaven*" been interpreted with purer reverence or deeper joy.

"They clamour and fight, they doubt and despair, they know no end to their wranglings.

"Let your life come amongst them like a flame of light, my child, unflickering and pure, and delight them into silence.

"They are cruel in their greed and their envy, their words are like hidden knives thirsting for blood.

"Go and stand amidst their scowling hearts, my child, and let your gentle eyes fall upon them like the forgiving peace of the evening over the strife of the day.

"Let them see your face, my child, and thus know the meaning of all things; let them love you and thus love each other."

THE WORD BECAME FLESH.

BY EDWARD LEWIS.

ALL words tend to become flesh. Self-expression is the nerve of being. The unmanifested always tends to manifestation. The universe and its history is a mighty process of the invisible becoming visible, the secret coming into light, the spiritual finding expression in material form. It is a vast unfoldment of spiritual reality working from the centre outwards. On the circumference there is comparative fixity and solidity, but at the centre there is fluidity, disturbance, creative power, ascending life, fresh and vital and strong. God's thoughts and will-pulses ever tend to become flesh in things and persons.

Some thoughts of ours find their effective expression in speech more easily than others. If we are out when it is raining, and say "It is wet," that is a precise and perfect expression of what we think. If we stand watching an autumn sunset, the clear light, the wild clouds, and away to the southward the crescent moon already

high in the sky, we should need to pass through all the many incarnations that go to make a poet before we could find adequate expression for our thoughts then.

Some desires, similarly, find adequate expression in action quite readily. The man who is hungry and desires food can reach out his hand and pluck fruit from the tree, or can walk to where he knows food will be found. A man who is in love, and desires to show it to the fulness and depth of its feeling, will find time too short and the world too narrow. In a famous passage beginning—

"I am an acme of things accomplished," and ending

"Now on this spot I stand with my robust Soul,"

Walt Whitman sings as if illumined by the consciousness of a soul-lineage reaching back through all the length of time. We may not all have that consciousness, but we have that lineage. Whitman was a climax-word, and there are few such. But the force and value of a climax depends on what has gone before it. In any great music there comes the climax which goes shuddering and flaming through the chambers of the soul, but its effect depends upon the clearness and the fulness of value in stress and time which has been given to each note leading up to it.

The same is true of, say, a great speech out of Shakespeare, or an ode like that of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." Poems and speeches work up to a climax. If we do not happen to know the poem or the speech, we can feel (as it is recited) the gathering force as the words roll out, the great wave rising which is going to break into a trumpet of mighty sound when the crest is reached. If we happen to know the poem or the speech, we can see the climax coming up through the uttered lines from the beginning, gathering colour, power, weight, significance from each phrase or word as it passes and leaves its echo in the mind. Let it be well recited by one who has studied each fragment in detail and in its setting, who with fine voice enunciates each syllable clearly, and with due study of posture, gesture, modulation of tone, gives to each word and phrase the right emphasis and value, then, when the climax comes, it is vibrant, electric, tremendous; it speeds home like an arrow shot from a well-strung bow; it falls with its thunder upon the shore of the heart like the breaking of a ninth wave.

So, whether we be climax-words or subsidiary words, the great demand lies upon us to let our word become flesh. What a tragedy, if a Word of God should come breathing up through the ages to find expression in us, and should discover us to be a mouth stopped through fear or prudence, or selfish calculation! No wonder that the Truth of God is not plain when so many of His Words cannot get through. No wonder the swarm of unbelievers increases and multiplies when the verdict which the Button-moulder passed upon Peer Gynt is applicable to so many:

"Yourself you have never been at all."

No wonder the old philosophies, theologies, and creeds have become stale and unprofitable, when the great reviving, reawakening, quickening Voices, the vital

fresh Words of God, the creative plasmic Words out of which all the new philosophies, theologies, and creeds must be fashioned, do not sound in the world because our mouths are shut, or are stopped by some hand clapped upon them. Modern organised society seems almost under the control of these hands that seek to stop the living voice, and quench vital speech on lips touched with a live coal—censors, committees of librarians, denominational conferences and synods, deacons and elders of churches, academies, and timid friends who write letters of warning and counsel prudence, expediency, and the claim of the weaker brother. Oh, the curse of organised respectability! Oh, the curse of conventional creed and custom! The dead hand laid upon the living mouth. The dead language stifling the living word.

If our own hand is upon our mouth, if we stop our Word through fear, selfishness, the desire for ease, safety, popularity, and the smug commendation of the world, we may be spoiling a bigger thing. No wonder the world is out of tune when so many notes are missing. No wonder the climax-word of the present age tarries, the new revelation, the new Messiah, when the subsidiary words which should be leading up to it are either equivocal or dumb. Let the Word become flesh. You are a thought of God; in your originality—the thing, idiosyncrasy, point of view, which distinguishes you from all others—you are a unique thought of God. Your profound impulse, that which stirs you deeply and with power, that which announces itself in you as right, although it satisfies no outward standard, and seems revolutionary in comparison with settled order and organised opinion—this is a unique, maybe unrepeatable, motion of the creative Will of God in you. Let the thought have expression: live first to express that. Let the pulse be realised: labour and strive for that. Do not cover it up, mumble or muffle it; out with it, clear and with strength. Shall the pulse of the Divine Will coming up into manifestation from far-back time, coming tremulous, quivering with life through the great ocean of Being to the point where you stand—shall it find you a blank wall, a stubborn barrier, a great denial? Shall the Word of God which has come threading its way like a golden thread through all the thought of the ages, through the systems which rise and fall, through the experiments and mistakes of thinkers, and now lodging in your hearts—shall it find you a dumb mouth?

Shall a line in the Poem of Creation halt because you are a lame foot?

THE HANDS OF GOD.

THERE was the usual whirr of the sewing machine as one reached the dreary house in the long row. In the cheerless living-room a woman sat at her shirt-making. She was working by the dull light of a smoky lamp, for the supply of gas, given in return for the pennies placed in the meter, ran out rapidly, and paraffin was cheaper. The baby had gone to sleep at last, and the older child was asleep too,

and lay on the propped-up sofa covered with some of the cut-out shirts that had been brought home to make. The woman would work far on into the night. She had set her mind on completing the dozen on which she was engaged, for the agent would call the next day for the hire of the machine, and she wanted to give the boy more bread than she had had for him the last day or two.

The noise of the machine was still with me long after I had left the gloomy neighbourhood. It seemed to embody what I knew of that ill-nourished mother and those little children. What could private help or organised charity do to repair the wrong of our industrial system? This home was but one of thousands in which, in spite of unremitting toil, the earnings were too small to provide the necessities for a healthy life; homes where, in each new generation, children might grow up sickly and stunted because they had not had enough to eat. When would this weight of misery be lifted, when would the name of justice be more than a mockery in our land?

There were loud cries from the men as the thin, struggling horses expended their utmost efforts to bring the heavy cart of stones up the last turns of the road. The town near the crest of the hill was the home of the Saint who had loved all living things and had been wont to speak tenderly of birds and beasts as his little brothers and sisters. The road from the valley below was long and steep, and all day long through its windings there had been the same kind of painful struggle, the same urging, the same threats. These worn-out horses, taxed almost beyond their powers, were not the worst. In other cases, perhaps, there had been sores under the harness that made the resumption of work an agony, or fierce lashings of beasts of burden that could strain themselves no more. By the very church built to do honour to St. Francis there had lately been such a rage of ill-usage of a defenceless horse that even those who had forgotten the teachings of their Saint had been moved to indignation. To those who shared the tenderness of St. Francis towards the lower creation, it seemed as if the gladness of life must be darkened by the remembrance of the mass of suffering borne by animals, not only in Italy, but in our own England which makes a boast of its humanity. In such a world as ours it would seem as if only the callous and insensible could be happy.

Then the cry of faith pierced its way to the inward ear, a cry which is nearly two thousand years old, but which still makes the beat of the world sound new to the soul that hears it afresh. If man's heart is torn with pity, will the merciful Father be careless of the pain of His creatures? Is not our human pity the thing we have "the likest God within the soul?" The oppressed woman worker, the neglected child, the tortured beast, are they not safe in God's hands? With this thought we may win peace. God's ways are not as our ways, and where we can see nothing but aimless, unremedial suffering and misery, these may have their purpose for

those who bear them in the vast scheme of life. We may drink in the beauty of the sunset with no fear that enjoyment is only for the forgetful or the blind of heart. All things are in the hands of God. Our trust is in Him.

Then came the arresting question—God's mercy to the half-starved worker, or the ill-used beasts, how will it reach them? How will the injustice be remedied? How will the arm uplifted to strike be held back? What channels are there through which the Father's pity will reach His suffering creatures?

What channels should there be save those human hearts that have felt by sympathy the cowardly wrong, the cruel blow? Who can carry redress if these should fail? Who should work to give expression to divine love if not those who have felt love stirring within them? These men are the instruments for God to use; none others could be so fit.

We dare not in selfish ease forget the sorrow in the world, but our hearts may be at rest, for the cause in which we fight is His. It is only through the slothfulness of His children that the slum continues to exist in our midst, and that cruelty goes on from age to age. If all creatures are in His keeping, it is those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel who are His instruments. What nobler ambition can there be than, in the words of the German mystic, to "be to the Eternal Goodness what his own hand is to a man."

E. M. C.

LANTY: A DAY IN HIS LIFE.

OF a morning, it's little delay there is on Lanty, in getting off "about his business." If you were eight or ten, say, you naturally would hurry away as he did from the "home" of one room, shared with five or six other children, as well as father, mother, and a varying assortment of lodgers. Also, naturally, ablutions under these circumstances are a negligible quantity. So the toilet is speedy, the garments being few. Ragged and many sizes too big is the coat of Lanty, pinned across in front, because the shirt that ought to be under it is one of an appalling pile of small wearables that is increasing rapidly at the nearest pawnbroker's.

Breakfast, too, is easily accounted for, because, like the oft-quoted snakes of Iceland, there isn't any. But off goes Lanty, on the bare feet that "I've a child very light and handy," to present himself at school. There's a record attendance now, less from love of learning than because dinner is provided at noon. Lanty is only one of some 25 per cent. of the scholars who don't break their fasts till then. The Angels must weep over the sight of little children, half-clothed and faint with hunger, crowded on narrow benches, trying to add and subtract, to spell and write. The wonderful thing is that they do, after a fashion. The young master tells one that our Lanty is splendid at "Oral Composition; his imagination is something amazing, the romances he reels off!"

Angels? Well, the presiding spirit at

these dinners might be Kathleen ni Houlihan herself, appearing in bodily presence to comfort her suffering little ones, so gentle, so queenly is she, standing filling the porringers from steaming buckets of Irish stew; a homely task made lovely by the love that prompts it. The boys themselves, two and two, carry the portions to the class room, where the patience, the good manners of the famished little ones is only equalled by their ready smiles and replies to any small efforts at conversation from a visitor. One of these, observing a group of some twenty very small and pale boys in a corner, went towards them, to be greeted with a chorus of "'Mornin', Miss!" in the cheeriest tone. And then Lanty drew shyly near, and murmured with the wistful look that is so irresistible, "There's something on yer sleeve, Miss!" So there was; a huge splash of stew on an immaculate coat, and to the very mild joke, "I'm getting outside what you're to have inside!" there was an appreciative laugh, and then Lanty bashfully pulls forth from some point of vantage—a pocket in garments so crazy is inconceivable—but somehow he produces a ragged little cap, and proceeds to rub away the offending stain. Sir Walter Raleigh never flung down cloak for Queen to step upon with more gentle kindness than Lanty showed in offering this service. This ungrudging politeness of his class towards the "betters" to whom they are enjoined to "order themselves lowly and reverently" . . . (and why?) is an unceasing marvel.

As they finish their repast, Lanty and his compeers retire to their "play-ground." That's what it's called, but anyone not in the secret would think it just a wideish, brick-lined passage; not a ball, or a swing, or any foreign aid to play was visible. And yet, their little stomachs warmed and comforted by their recent meal, these children played right merrily, displaying much skill in turning somersaults, standing on their heads, yea, and sitting on one another. Once there was an apprehensive moment, when four or five were to be seen reclining upon one small person. But presently, for no apparent reason, up they rose as one boy, and flew off, and the under dog got up and shook himself, nothing perturbed.

But Lanty's play really begins when school is over, and the streets, with their movement, their free life, are before him. He engages in paper-selling, an industry that is very thriving in Dublin just now; makes a few coppers, too; but it's the bustle, the excitement that Lanty loves. See him, one of a crowd making their small investments from a cart which brings the "Latest Editions" to some street corner. Perhaps Lanty goes into partnership with a friend, who may have the capital while Lanty supplies the energy and skill. Behold him awaiting his turn to be served, with a damaged copy of some paper rolled up trumpet-wise, through which he is blowing with great zeal. There must be keen rivalry in a trade so crowded, but never have I seen a quarrel or any ill-will. They beg, these paper boys, and who can blame them! If your conscience will not allow of your falling into the reprehensible habit of bestowing coppers, compound with Lanty for a bun, get

him to the door of a cake-shop, and, like winking, like a flock of sparrows, half a dozen will appear, summoned by the magic wave of Lanty's ragged, kimono-like sleeve. Now watch Lanty as closely as you like; he divides the treat with absolute justice.

Lanty was lately seen outside a hotel, exchanging remarks, for coppers, with a group of men bound for some races that were taking place that day; begging them not to overlook the claims of "my best girl, only she's too fearful in herself to come close . . ."; acting as arbitrator where a halfpenny was in question between two of his peers, and clinching the thing with "Ora, let you give it to Pat, and be done wid it! Isn't he an orphan?" Then leaping lightly into a waiting motor, and seating himself beside the chauffeur, grinning sympathetically as Lanty bows and kisses his hands to his admirers with the remark, "I'm off now! Wouldn't do to miss the first race!"

Lanty's day? It's a fairly long one. He is seldom "home" till after eleven. When his papers are sold, he sings. An amazing volume of sound can he produce, too, as he chants forth, to a stirring old marching air,

"God save Larkin!" say we proudly!

"God save Larkin!" say we all.

People are coming out from the theatres then, and ready to give a copper or two. And the dreadful thing is the air of complete contentment, of placidity shown by Lanty and his companions, some of them small girls hugging the family baby on very inadequate laps, but always lovingly, as if to them the right and natural thing is to be out and away from "home" and parents at that hour.

Ah, Lanty! and we hear that from such as you were the Dublin Fusiliers largely manned. One must suppose that these young things, "out on their own" (it was called "out on their keeping," when the ancestors of Lanty, dispossessed of their lands, took to the hills and bogs)—well, that such small adventurers learn courage, hardihood, self-reliance; for only by these things can they live. Still, one wishes with a pang that Lanty had not quite such stern discipline as the streets of Dublin afford.

K. F. PURDON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

THE CHILDREN'S WHITE CROSS LEAGUE IN DUBLIN.

SIR,—You and your colleagues are never weary of giving hospitality to the cause of the children, and we would beg you to lay a suggestion before your readers.

In hundreds, nay, thousands of homes there will be a surplus of good things at Christmastime. May we appeal on behalf of the little children of Dublin, victims of the strike that is now in its fourth month, and express the hope that all lovers of

children will set aside some receptacle in their homes, marked "Dublin Kiddies' Box," to receive gifts from the household (money, toys, sweets, food, clothing), and will send it for Christmas or the New Year by *parcel post* to Mrs. Rudmose Brown, Children's White Cross League Relief Centre, 74, Thomas-street, Dublin?

We opened the centre on November 8, and thanks to the generous help of the Press and the public, we have received so far £420 for our distribution of bread and milk to some 1,000 nursing mothers and babies, besides gifts of bread, cocoa, cod liver oil, dried milk, &c., which have been most welcome. For clothing, too, we would give grateful thanks, and ask for more. We have enough money for one week's supply, but what of the future?

Mrs. Brown writes:—"The emaciation of the babies is most pitiable; . . . many of the expecting mothers are in a terrible plight, half-naked and so ill-nourished. They do appreciate the warm vests and stockings and boots."

Shall we not see to it that happy children make it possible for the Dublin kiddies to celebrate the birthday of One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me?"—Yours, &c.,

JANE COBDEN UNWIN, Hon. Treas.

BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, Hon. Sec.

Children's White Cross League,

3, Adelphi-terrace, London, W.C.

BERGSON AND RELIGION.

SIR,—Your candid and courteous reviewer gives me a valuable opportunity of meeting my own demand for some explanation of the difference between M. Bergson's opinion about his own doctrine (as he often calls it), and the opinion of many of his critics. But, of course, I must meet it after my fashion, which is more or less that of the plain man.

M. Bergson, as I listen to him, does not say: "Here is a philosophy, and you will find in it a potted universe. Digest my system, and all things with it, at your leisure." He says something like this: "Here is a cure for your crooked vision and your blindness; use it like a man and a sufferer, that you may learn to see all things new in a new 'innocence of eye.'" He has the mystic's way rather than the philosopher's, as philosophers are, and for the most part have been. He is a mystic who has turned that eye upon problems which have vexed philosophers and confused philosophy since the philosophic world began to be. He looks at *les données immédiates de la conscience*, and sees man growing to be free; he looks at *matière et mémoire*, and discovers the reality of the spirit; and as he looks upon the picture of the world of life he finds God, *créateur et libre*. But the philosopher tells him he has no right to these discoveries. He might as well rebuke the saint for seeing what no man has any philosophic right to see; or the poet and the painter, for their artist's grace of vision and revealing. Of what philosophy, except this of Bergson, could even William James have said that it came as "the breath of the morning, and the song of birds"? What

system in the world has such vivifying power as this which, above all things, is no system?

But I am at one with your reviewer in holding that "the idea of a God" here given by M. Bergson does not adequately meet the needs of personal religion." How should it, when it is the result of contemplating the world and man as from the outside? The outcome of any application of Bergson's doctrine depends not only on the doctrine, but on that to which it is applied. So we may believe that when he himself applies it to the ethical life of man (as he is said to be doing now), we shall find a further advance in the "idea" of God that he discerns and gives to us. The innocent eye in him, as in every one of us, beholds deeper things of God as it penetrates to the deeper things of man.—Yours, &c.,

W. SCOTT PALMER.

December 13, 1913.

SIR,—From the discussion now proceeding in your columns it seems to me that I have some reason to complain both of Mr. W. Scott Palmer and of the reviewer of my "Bergson for Beginners." I will take the latter first. He writes: "We cannot, as Mr. Kitchin rightly says, 'attribute intelligence to God, for intelligence is a product of the movement which has created matter.' So then we cannot speak of God as wisdom, or love, nor think of him as a person." Your reviewer would have done my position more justice if he had explained the special meaning which Bergson gives to intelligence, and if he had continued the quotation from my book to the end of the paragraph. This runs as follows (p. 234):—"God is pure time existence, and we cannot know him with our intellect, although we can say, consistently with Bergson's philosophy, that in him we live and move and have our being." I am not, of course, responsible for your reviewer's deduction from the words of mine which he quotes. Your readers can decide for themselves whether or not it is a *non sequitur*.

Mr. Scott Palmer refers me to M. Le Roy's book, and to Bergson's letter to M. de Touquédec, implying that I have not taken them into account. Against this I must enter a mild protest, for he would seem to be criticising my book without having read it. On p. 22 I quote from M. Le Roy, giving both his views and those of Bergson as contained in the letter referred to. I point out that many critics have failed to find in Bergson's writings any categorical refutation of pantheism; that in my opinion his conclusions (so far) are consistent either with pantheism or with theism, and that there is no reason why he should not advance from the one to the other, for he has not yet considered theism; and I add, "Bergson has been labouring at the roots of the tree of which the theist enjoys the flowers and the fruit." My interpretation is substantially identical with that of M. Le Roy, who says that the important question is whether Bergson's philosophy, so far as it has gone, is *inconsistent* with theism.—Yours, &c.,

DARCY B. KITCHIN.

December 13, 1913.

A RECENT BOOK ON PROFESSOR EUCKEN.

SIR,—May your reviewer beg a line or two by way of simple justification with reference to the letter from Dr. Meyrick Booth in to-day's issue?

(1) With regard to Herakleitos, Dr. Booth quotes Professor Burnet as authority for the notion that by "fire" Herakleitos meant a spiritual principle. Let me also quote Professor Burnet. Herakleitos, says Burnet, found the principle of reality in Fire—real fire, of course, "that burns and crackles," as Teichmüller puts it. The idea that he used fire as a symbol, or meant by it something inaccessible to the senses, is a mere survival of the interpretation of early Greek thought which Zeller finally overthrew." (J. Burnet, "Early Greek Philosophy," p. 148. Edition 1892.) The fact that Herakleitos gave the name of deity to his Fire does not make that Fire into a spiritual principle. Dr. Booth should read the context of the passage he refers to in Burnet.

(2) The passage on which I based my remark regarding Dr. Booth's attitude to mysticism is to be found on page xx., in the "Introductory Historical Sketch," relative especially to New Platonism.

(3) Dr. Booth opens his book with what he calls an "Introductory Historical Sketch," and in criticising that part of the work I did not make the mistake suggested by Dr. Booth. I find the "historical sketch" unsatisfactory, even taking it as what Mr. Booth says it is, "a very brief historical outline leading up to Eucken's own philosophy."

(4) I refrain from following Dr. Booth into the intricacies of the population problem. I still find his argument absurd: I cannot see any connection between the birth-rate and the secure establishment of some valuable idea. There does not seem to me to be any inherent necessity that should compel children to think as their fathers thought.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

[Where philosophers differ editors fear to tread. Perhaps some of our readers will read Dr. Meyrick Booth's book, and decide these disputed points for themselves.—ED. OF INQ.]

THE JOY OF SELF-GIVING.

SIR,—A correspondent in last week's issue denies that self-giving is ever unmotivated, and, furthermore, he says that it can be pure even when associated with self-seeking. Not content with this, he even goes so far as to say that a person is not sane if he is able to "do honour to one who is beloved" without reference to self. One can quite see how that in most instances a deed may be traced back, sometimes a long way, but eventually traced back to a motive lurking in the background. It cannot be taken for granted that this is always the case. Even supposing it to be so in the majority of cases—comes there never a time when the big Self, the real Self, the Love-Self breaks through the hard, cold barriers of convention, and flings its wealth of heavenly treasures where the chariot

wheels of custom appear to crush them in the dust, and where to all intents and purposes they are thrown away, and buried in oblivion? There is no more motive in this than there is in the motion of the wave, which, riding at the head of a great oncoming tide, suddenly rises to its full height, and is dashed triumphantly at one's feet. Where Love gives, where the Big Self gives, it is tribute, recognition, union. It is the part yielding itself for one brief, beautiful moment to the impulse of the Whole. We have no business to tack motives on to it.

Man does not always give earth himself in order that he may go up for gain above. There are those who go up for gain in order that they may give earth themselves. In other words they go for strength, for better tools, for power of continuance. When one comes to the sentence about despising immortality, it is impossible not to suspect Mr. Lewis's critic of wishing to quibble over words. Words are in this case like fierce lights—to illuminate, not to be stared at until one is dizzy and has lost all sense of perspective. Let us turn away from the searchlight, and look instead upon the object revealed. I see no despising of immortality; no snapping of the fingers at its nature and circumstances. But what I do see is that which makes one realise that there is a kingdom within, which, if it is not real here, is real nowhere. Shorthand would be a "poor thing" to a little child who had not yet learned how to spell. It would be of no use to him. Its mysteries could never be revealed while the other preliminaries remained unlearned. If Mr. Thompson would continue to hold his theory of motivated self-giving, let him beware of following in the footsteps of the Man who, he says, lived with an eye to reward. Let him beware of the love which seeketh not its own.—Yours, &c.,

RUBY MAIN.

December 14, 1913.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE AND STUDENTS FOR THE MINISTRY.

SIR,—There are three facts I should like to make public in reference to Mr. W. Channing Watkin's letter under the above heading, in your issue of the 13th. The appeal made by Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, Dr. L. P. Jacks, and others was for *students* for the ministry. That Manchester College, Oxford, has received, and does receive, lady students; the most casual inquiry would have elicited this information. That the chief objection to lady ministers is made by *the sex*.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES COLE.

35, Manor Park, Redlands, Bristol,
December 15, 1913.

WE acknowledge with thanks the sum of 4s., which has been sent to us by a subscriber signing himself "Diogenes" for distribution amongst the Domestic Missions in answer to the Christmas appeals.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE SCHOOL OF MACAULAY.

Clio, A Muse, and other Essays Literary and Pedestrian. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d. net.
Macaulay's History of England. With illustrations. Edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A. In Six Volumes: Volume I. London: Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.

THE ponderous dry-as-dust method of writing history, which is continually warning off the crowd from the domain of the specialist, was bound to produce a reaction. We are not all prepared to bury Gibbon—unless indeed we can possess him with Professor Bury's notes—and Macaulay in our back-gardens, because they tripped here and there in a fact and were guilty of the crime of cultivating graces of style. Mr. Trevelyan has entered the lists as the leader of a movement for the recovery of some of the forgotten splendours of historical writing. No man has a better right to do so than he, for he has proved his quality in the fields of exact knowledge, and his three volumes on Garibaldi contain the most vivid piece of historical portraiture of recent years. In the essay which he has dedicated to *Clio*, the Muse of History, he makes a powerful plea for the literary historians of the past, and urges that there must be a return to their methods, if a generation spent in cultivating accuracy and editing documents is not to result in a final alienation between historical study and the common mind. The first windmill against which he sets his lance is the delusion that history is a branch of science, and must therefore be written with scientific impartiality.

"The analogy of physical science," he writes, "has misled many historians during the last thirty years right away from the truth about their profession. There is no utilitarian value in knowledge of the past, and there is no way of scientifically deducing causal laws about the action of human beings in the mass. In short, the value of history is not scientific. Its true value is educational. It can educate the minds of men by causing them to reflect on the past."

Taking this as his point of departure he proceeds to argue—and he carries us with him all the way—that "if historians neglect to educate the public, if they fail to interest it intelligently in the past, then all their historical learning is valueless, except in so far as it educates themselves." But history that is never read because it is dull and unintelligible can have no educational value in moulding the mind itself "into the capability of understanding great affairs and sympathising with other men." The way is thus fully prepared for a revolt from the German methods, which drilled men into so many "Potsdam Guards of learning," and a return to the manner of an earlier time, when "historical writing was not merely the mutual conversation of scholars with one another, but was the means of spreading far and wide throughout all the

reading classes a love and knowledge of history, an elevated and critical patriotism and certain qualities of mind and heart." The whole essay is admirable, and we have never seen the position stated in a more convincing way.

The other essays in the volume reveal the variety of the author's interests. As a walker he proclaims himself of the fellowship of Leslie Stephen and other mighty men, who have gone afoot. In "George Meredith," he gleans plentiful handfuls where he has already gathered a harvest. In "John Woolman, the Quaker," he communes with one of the noblest lovers of men, a friend of the negro more than a century before anti-slavery days. In "Poetry and Rebellion," he reminds us that "it was not by rebellion but by creation that Wordsworth and Coleridge triumphed," and that there is small virtue simply in running amuck. Finally, in the nimble essay "If Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo," he indulges in the fascinating game of historical divination, which can only be played by men of sound learning and ready wit. An adequate feast, surely, of delectable things!

By a happy coincidence, which Mr. Trevelyan will be the first to appreciate, the essay on *Clio* was followed immediately by the publication of the first volume of the illustrated edition of "Macaulay's History." No historian has had more detractors than Macaulay; none have received so many gibes from the dull superior person. But the public, with a just instinct for what it likes, has obstinately refused to cast him to the moles and the bats. And now we have Professor Firth himself treating the history, which undergraduates have often been warned not to read, with the loving care due to a British classic, and paying the following tribute to its enduring qualities: "The task of illustrating the History necessitated a close scrutiny of Macaulay's pages, and while it made some defects and omissions more apparent, it has increased, not diminished my admiration for what Macaulay succeeded in doing." Of the illustrations and the care which has been taken in their selection it is almost needless to speak. Some of the portraits are finely reproduced in colour, while others are photographed from the line engravings of the period. But even more valuable in some respects are the broadsides and the contemporary views and plans, the originals of which are quite inaccessible except to the diligent student with much time at his disposal. The illustrated Macaulay bids fair to rival the illustrated Green. We can give it no higher praise.

J. M. SYNGE.

John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre. By Maurice Bourgeois. London: Constable & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THE most thorough account of the work of J. M. Synge and the revival of dramatic art in Ireland has come to us from a French critic. It is not a translation, and is written in such excellent and idiomatic English that the reader would almost forget its foreign source, except for its air

of cosmopolitan culture, and a certain thoroughness and massiveness of treatment which we rarely accord to a contemporary writer. Indeed the size and scholarship of the book, with its appendices and elaborate bibliography, will probably act as a note of warning to people who are accustomed to take their dramatic criticism in the form of the short essay, bright, pungent and dogmatic. But this would be a mistake, for the book is in no sense dull, and it contains not only an admirable account of Synge's life but also much well-arranged information about the Irish literary revival, in the midst of which Synge appeared like a stormy petrel, in it but hardly of it. It is too soon to forecast the judgment of the future upon the products of his strange genius. It is hardly likely that the Irish people will ever treasure them with affection, though they will not cease to take pride in their gloomy power, their excellent stagecraft, and the haunting beauty of their Anglo-Irish speech. Synge had none of the exaltation of the Irish patriot. Though he was a Nationalist by conviction, it was a feeling which never took fire. Almost a pessimist by temperament, his gift of irony led him into a hard realism, while his life in Paris fostered an inbred inclination to cosmopolitan detachment, which had little in common with the concentrated nationalism of other Irish writers. On one side he was singularly deficient. His view of life was non-religious. He did not quarrel with religion, but he simply left it out of account as one of the moving forces of life. On this negative side of his dramatic work M. Bourgeois makes the following comment, and we believe that what he says is quite true:—

"Doubtless this had an artistic cause: the desire to return to the relentless savagery of ancient Paganism. But Synge's archaic quest of the old Gaelic civilisation made him blind to the profounder spirit of modern Ireland. In a way the ancient heathendom may be said to survive in the uncontrollable temperament and passionate outbursts of the average Irish peasant of to-day; but this is only a superficial appearance; at bottom he is an ardently religious being, whose whole life is coloured by faith and belief—especially Catholic faith. This aspect of the Irish mind is simply ignored by Synge; it has no place in his works; and on this score his fellow-countrymen are justified in finding fault with his plays."

There are many other passages in M. Bourgeois' book which help to place the reader at the right point of view to understand both the greatness and the limitations of Synge's art. He insists many times, but not once too often, that Synge is a dramatist, and not a reformer who is simply manipulating the drama in the interests of a cause. The plays are not "absolute social documents"; they are the expression primarily of "the individual vision of the playwright." It would not be right to close this notice without a generous tribute to the wealth of the author's knowledge. Page after page has upon it the touch of intimacy gained not from books but through intercourse with people all over Ireland. In its more limited field it is an achievement as remarkable

as the book of M. Paul-Dubois, and helps to justify the opinion held by many close observers, that it is the French who have come closest to the secret of Ireland. But M. Bourgeois trips occasionally either through lack of knowledge or a too ready acceptance of current opinion. We are not prepared to accept the statement, so frequently heard on English platforms, that the Ulsterman is more Scotch than really Irish. The population of Ulster, except in the case of quite recent immigration for purposes of trade, has Irish sentiments and traditions and an Irish point of view. In their own way the Ulster Literary Theatre and Miss Moira O'Neill's "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" have their roots as deeply in the soil as the plays of Lady Gregory or those of Synge himself.

INDIAN NATIONALISM.

Indian Nationalism. By Edwyn Bevan. London: Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

MR. BEVAN has the advantage of approaching the tangled problem of the Government of India in a mood of detachment. He does not look at the difficulties of the English official or the attacks of the Nationalist extremist through the spectacles of the army or the civil service. He is the scholarly observer, with the scholar's intellectual tolerance and humane sympathies and a rich fund of knowledge gleaned in other fields. The whole tone of his book is so unusual, without a trace of political rancour or the prejudice of the dominant race, that in our admiration for these qualities we are in some danger of overlooking its strength and originality on the intellectual side. And yet it has just the combination of keen observation with calm rationality which entitles it to a distinguished place among recent essays in political thinking. Mr. Bevan believes that a strong case can be made out for British rule in India. He maintains that it has continued because the section of the community which cares supremely for loving-kindness and justice and honour sanctions it. "In this sense," he writes, "it is not cant, it is plain truth, to say that the pillar upon which the British rule in India rests is the belief that it secures the maximum of good, certain unalterable things being what they are, for the Indian people, that, however our fathers came by the power, we hold it now as a trust. This belief on the part of the best section of the English people is a fact. We may think that they are wrong, but it cannot be denied that they really do hold the belief." On the other hand, he recognises the growing difficulty of opposing the Nationalist demand, at present somewhat dissipated by the misunderstandings between Moderates and Extremists, and he does not shrink from plain speaking about the deep offence given to Indian sentiment by the over-bearing manners of Englishmen. Imagination in dealing with other races, tact, and fineness of manners, these, Mr. Bevan pleads, have not been the Englishman's strong point. "The pain of starvation, this he understands, and would labour to spare you, but the pain that comes from some sensibility wounded,

from some ideal violated, that he finds it very hard to understand. I don't think it true to say that he is merely material; he has his own ideals, the ideal, for instance, of professional duty, not an unworthy one; but he finds it hard to believe that other people's sensibilities are real. I feel sure that the very same man who would give his life to keep people alive in famine, might behave to an educated Indian in a manner which would not fail to wound, and be unconscious of anything wrong."

It would be a mistake, however, to infer from a passage like this that Mr. Bevan regards better manners as a panacea for strained relations. Undoubtedly rudeness on an extensive scale aggravates the situation, but it is not the chief factor in discontent. We have to look the fact in the face that it is impossible for the educated Indian to accept the presence of foreigners in his country, "exercising the office of rulers and treating him and his people, the people of the land, as a subordinate race," except as a temporary and disagreeable expedient. Mr. Bevan does not shrink from all that Indian sentiment may in the end justly demand. Meanwhile, his policy is one of self-limitation on our side, as India becomes more capable of self-government, and he concludes with the following noble words of prophecy: "The course of the world goes forward and brings forth new things. There is no reason, because peoples in the old pagan past, and in the semi-pagan time which has succeeded it, were satisfied with the glory of conquest, that a people in the new day at hand should not crave the incomparably greater glory of having lifted and upheld a broken nation till it could stand and go upon its own feet."

THE NEW GERMAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION.

"Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart." Handwörterbuch in gemeinverständlicher Darstellung, unter Mitwirkung von Hermann Gunkel und Otto Scheel, herausgegeben von Friedrich Michael Schiele und Leopold Zscharnack. Vol. III., Hesshuss—Lytton. Price, unbound, M.27; bound, M.30. Vol. IV., Maassen—Rogge. Price, unbound, M.25; bound, M.28. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr (Paul Siebeck).

OUR sense of the great value of this work as an educational force, in the interest of the higher culture and enlightened religious knowledge, deepens with the issue of successive volumes. A notice of the second volume appeared in THE INQUIRER of June 24, 1911, and we now have two more before us. The completion of the fifth and concluding volume is promised for Christmas.

It would be a fine discipline for any one engaged in the serious study of religion to take this dictionary and work through some of the chief articles dealing with the Bible, conscientiously looking up all the references, Bousset's, for instance, on Paul or the Fourth Gospel, "Johannes Evangelium," Vischer's on the Book of Revelation, "Offenbarung des Johannes," articles on individual prophets, or Gunkel's "Propheten seit Amos" and "Psalmen." Most notable of all is the article by Professor Heitmüller, of Marburg, on Jesus Christ (67 cols.), which has since been published separately

in book form, with the addition of an address on "Jesus of Nazareth and the Way to God." The occasion of this publication was an attack on Heitmüller's character as a Christian teacher made in the course of a debate in the Prussian House of Representatives, on the basis of a newspaper extract from the article. As a protest and an all-sufficient reply to such an attack, the article, as a whole, is republished, for wider circulation. We could wish that it might appear also in an English translation. The incriminated passage was from the section dealing with the self-consciousness of Jesus. This Heitmüller considers from the purely human point of view, and that was the ground of the attack, as placing him beyond the pale of Christian recognition; but the conclusion of the study is that a profound and constant sense of filial relationship to God, unique in its intensity and purity, was the distinctive characteristic of Jesus. Out of this arose the conviction of divine calling, as the ruling motive of his life, not to be explained by any metaphysical difference of nature, but setting him, by its inherent quality in the human soul, apart from all others, as teacher and inspirer and religious influence in the world. The article begins with an admirable account of the sources of our knowledge of Jesus, and while recognising the seriousness of the questions raised by advocates of the mythical theory, where the matter is approached with competent scholarship, shows, with convincing force, from the testimony especially of Paul and the quality of the Gospel record, how impossible was any such mythical creation of the personality of Jesus as the theory supposes. The second main section of the article deals with the special questions of the birth stories, the scene and duration of the activity of Jesus, the chronology of his life, his character as miracle-worker and saviour, his self-consciousness and his Messianic character, and the article concludes with an account of the nature of his ministry and of his religious personality and teaching. A most helpful companion to Heitmüller's article is that on the New Testament as literature, "Literaturgeschichte des N.T." (40 cols.), by Johannes Weiss, especially in the section describing how the oral teaching was preserved, and the further treatment of the influence of myth and legend on the formation of the record. The character of the Epistles also receives illuminating treatment.

This article is only the first part of a larger contribution by various writers under the general heading, "Literaturgeschichte, Christliche," in which early Christian and mediæval literature is dealt with, and then, in separate sections, German, French, and English literature of the later centuries. This last, by Miss Elinor Enfield (until recently of Newnham College) and Dr. Zscharnack, furnishes a very interesting and suggestive sketch of our literature from the great days of Elizabeth onward. Miss Enfield, who appears to be the only English contributor to the dictionary, can hardly have had the opportunity of reading the final German proof, or we should not find, as we do, "Robert Elsmere" attributed to "Humphrey Ward." In our last notice we remarked that Robert Brown-

ing seemed to be overlooked, while lesser men received separate treatment in the dictionary, but here he has his due as a religious poet, as does George Herbert in an earlier part of the article. Harriet Martineau is mentioned among writers on social questions, but not James Martineau, though a cross-reference from the mention of "liberal" theological writers to the article "England," leads, among others, to him, and he receives a brief notice under his own name in Vol. IV. There are two inaccuracies of date in that notice to be corrected. The close of the Dublin ministry was in 1832, not 1840; and he followed Manchester New College to London, not in 1853, but 1857.

The interest of these volumes is so great and varied that it is impossible to do more than select a few points for such a notice as this, but one other article we must mention, that by Professor Rade, of Marburg, on "Religionsgeschichte u. Religionsgeschichtliche Schule." The immense range of the subject, the difficulty and the vital importance of the comparative study of religions is fully recognised, and an ample survey is given of the work chiefly of German scholars; only in the field of anthropology is there any special mention of the value of British contributions. As regards university recognition of the subject, it is noted that Holland and Switzerland were in the field before Germany.

It may be added, in conclusion, that the subscription price for the whole dictionary, unbound, M.120, and bound, M.135, holds good only for the present year, and in 1914, on its completion, the price will be raised.
V. D. D.

ANIMAL STORIES.

"Tell Me a Story." Edited by Sidney Trist. London, Office of *The Animals' Guardian*, 22A, Regent-street, S.W. 3s. 6d. net.

If the Editor of the *Animals' Guardian* should ever find himself in that enchanted forest where Tytyl and Mytyl were so frightened by the hostility of the trees and Things, we feel sure he will have a better reception than they had. Instead of looking upon him with fear as the representative of a race which has always persecuted and destroyed them, the happy beasts will gather round with every sign of trust and affection, for Mr. Trist has long been the champion of all their kind, and they cannot be ignorant of the splendid work he has done on behalf of his "little brothers." His latest achievement is the production of a book for children full of delightful stories about animals, most lavishly illustrated, which makes us long to follow the editor's example by sending a gift of 50 copies to a certain evening paper for distribution among the children who have no stockings to hang up. Its special value lies in the fact that it inculcates, in the simplest and most effective way, namely, by making every reader deeply interested in the drama of animal life, those humane truths which it is Mr. Trist's object in life to popularise. The spirit of the gentle Buddha breathes through these pages, and we cannot believe that any boy or girl who has once fallen

in love with Sammy, the sweet little brown bear of Burma; with Madra Ruad, the russet-coated baby fox, at play among the bluebells; or Seraphina, in her "velvety overall," so charmingly described by a real poet, will ever talk lightly when they grow up of the "lower creation," as if it existed solely in order to be exploited by man for his own use and pleasure. Incidentally, we are given a good deal of information about the right way to hold animals, the contrivances for breathing and locomotion which have been elaborated by "nature's submarines," and so forth; but this makes "Tell Me a Story" none the less an ideal gift-book for Christmas. Besides, the happy children who will receive it know already by instinct that animals are sometimes "wiser than men," and will not be at all surprised to hear that even a blue-eyed kitten is capable of devoting "hour after hour to the study of poetry" when she happens to be a pussy-genius, and has a master who is a kindred spirit.

IRISHMEN ALL. By George Birmingham. London and Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.

MR. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM needs no introduction. He is the best read of modern Irish writers. He is the boon companion of people who have never given a serious thought to the Irish problem and still honestly believe that God created Irishmen in order to provide comic relief to English earnestness. This is his misfortune, though he has done something to court it by playing up too insistently to the demand for rollicking humour. His new volume of sketches will satisfy the appetite for light reading, though it does not require much acquaintance with Irish life, as it exists in the homes of the people and not in the newspapers, to see how much shrewd observation and personal intimacy have gone to the making of it. Here the former rector of Westport discourses to us of the people who were his familiars before the novel ensnared him and the theatre marked him for its own—the police sergeant, the squireen, the farmer, the priest, the minister, and the rest. They are all touched with humour and a very real human sympathy. His sketches have in them the local colour, the secret of which observers from afar try in vain to learn, and he is ably seconded by Mr. Jack B. Yeats with a series of 12 coloured illustrations. No doubt the book has been produced to tempt the eye in the publisher's annual competition of Christmas gifts, but those who are wise enough to cement friendship with the present of a book might go further and fare worse.

CARDUCCI: A Selection of his Poems, with Verse Translations. By L. Bickersteth, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE are many enthusiasts for freedom who keep a place of honour for some of the books which enshrine the great memories of the Italian *Risorgimento*. Mazzini is there, perhaps in one of the early volumes which first made the rich-

ness and power of his personality known to English readers, and Garibaldi in the Life, a nobler monument than Rome's colossal statue, which Mr. Trevelyan has written in his honour. But the poet of the movement is still among the great unknown, and even the name of Carducci is unfamiliar to our ears. It is to our loss as a cultivated people that it is so. Italian is no longer a polite accomplishment, as it was in the days when our grandmothers read Tasso, and the culture of modern Italy has touched us far less intimately than that of Germany and France. For this reason Mr. Bickersteth's notable volume may miss some of the welcome it deserves. Six years ago Miss Maud Holland published a short selection in a dainty volume, but this is the first attempt to present any large body of Carducci's work to English readers. As an introduction to a rich and unfamiliar field of poetry nothing could be better, though the endless dispute between the rival merits of verse and prose translation is likely to find fresh provocation in Mr. Bickersteth's choice of verse. The Italian text and the translation are given on opposite pages, and there are three scholarly essays dealing with the Life of Carducci, his Poetry, and the Metres of the "Barbarian Odes." Carducci was a distinguished literary critic, as well as the greatest of modern Italian poets. His prose essays have been published in a single volume, uniform with the collected edition of the Poetry, by Messrs. Zanichelli, of Bologna. They might well attract the attention of a translator anxious to prospect in a new field.

WE are glad to welcome once more that popular annual, "Young Days" (The Sunday School Association, 1s. 6d. net), a most acceptable gift-book with which to gladden a child's heart at Christmas-time. It is full of pleasant tales, poems, nature talks, anecdotes, stories of great men, and other good things too numerous to mention, and the pictures are as plentiful as ever. The series of articles on "Mother Nature's Children," by A. W. Gould, is well illustrated, and, together with the short biographies of "Heroes and Heroines of History," by the editor and the Rev. Alexander Webster, makes very instructive reading for those who have ceased to be "quite small." There is a quaint and captivating little figure on the cover—a Winifred House boy—and four pleasing snapshots by Mrs. George R. Sims are reproduced in connection with a short article on "Some Swiss Children." An idyllic picture of cottage life by Miss A. M. Odgers, illustrating the Sunday school motto for 1914, "The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation," forms the frontispiece of this volume. The same picture can be had in the form of a motto card, suitable for hanging up, with a list of the Bible readings for the coming year on the back.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION:—Freedom and the Churches: C. W. Wendte, D.D. \$1. Social Ideals of a Free Church: Edited by Elener Severance Forbes. \$1. The Ethical Aspects of Evolution: J. C. Kimball. \$1 25 c. America's Conquest of Europe: David Starr Jordan. 60 c.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—The Purpose of Education: St. George Lane Fox Pitt. 2s. 6d. net. Essays on Social and Political Questions: J. H. Whitehouse. 3s. net.

MR. CHARLES H. KELLY:—Love and Life: The Story of J. Denholm Brash, by his Son. 2s. 6d. net.

MR. JOHN LONG:—Twilight and Beyond. 3s. 6d.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.:—The Golden Bough, Part VII.: J. G. Frazer. 2 vols. 20s. per vol. John Woolman, his Life and our Times: W. Teignmouth Shore. 5s. net.

METZLER & Co.:—A Song to Mithras: Words by Rudyard Kipling. Music by H. Lang Jones. 2s. net.

THE POWER BOOK COMPANY:—Spiritual Therapeutics: W. J. Colville. 6s. net. Students' Questions on Spiritual Science: W. J. Colville. 3s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co.:—The Freedom of the Press in Egypt: Kyriakos Mikhail. 1s. net.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION:—Young Days: 1s. 6d. net.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

I.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

IN the glad days of old when the village was sleeping,
And lambs in the fold by their mothers were keeping,
With bright wings unfurled, came the Angels of light,
With good news for the world in the silence of night.

"Good tidings we bring!" was their happy song then—

"Good tidings we sing to the children of men!"

How joyful and bright was the story they told,

In the silence of night in the glad days of old.

In the East rose the star while their sweet notes were swelling;

It showed from afar where the Baby was dwelling;

And with its pure ray beaming steadfast and mild,

It pointed the way to the Mother and Child.

It is long, long ago since their voices came ringing,

But ever, we know, in God's Home they are singing;

So we will try, too, with glad voices to raise,

As the sweet Angels do, songs of joy and of praise.

II.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

WHEN Mother comes to say "Good-night!"

Before she takes away the light,
She draws the blind, that I may see

A little Star that peeps at me,

And twinkles brightly overhead

When I am safely tucked in bed.

O, Star! I wonder if you know

It's Christmas time with us below?

Keep wide awake to-night with me,

And we shall see what we shall see.

My stocking hangs upon the chair

By Baby's, in the corner there;

He's fast asleep—he is so small!

But I don't mean to sleep at all.
I heard a creaking on the stair;
Perhaps old Santa Claus is there!
Well, if he is, he'll know, I s'pose,
That Baby broke my dolly's nose—
He threw her at the rocking-horse,
And so her face was spoilt, of course.
Poor boy! he did not understand;
I cried when Nursesey slapped his hand.
And then I think I ought to tell
That I did something wrong, as well:
For even while I said my prayers
I thought of Toys and Teddy-Bears,
And Crackers, too—and all the things
That Merry Christmas always brings.
But Gentle Jesus is so kind,
I don't believe he'll really mind!
And when he was as small as me,
Do you believe, dear Star, that he
Hung up his little stocking, too,
As I and Baby always do?
I'll ask dear Mother that some day.
How many things I want to say!
And as for what there is to do,
It seems I'll never quite get through!
There's Daddy's tie must be wrapped up,
And Mother's pretty china cup.
They're sure to like their gifts from me,
Because I chose them both, you see.
And now, dear Star, I'll whisper you
There's something else we're going to do—
The village children come to tea
To-morrow; there's a Christmas Tree
On purpose for them—presents, too—
Nurse let me have a "private view"!
Such heaps there were of dolls and toys—
Something for all the girls and boys!
And in a corner, on a shelf,
The little scarf I hemmed myself
To give to poor old Grannie Jones.
(She has rheumatics in her bones.)
She needs warm woolly things to wear;
How nice it was to see it there!
I don't know why my eyes should ache,
But though I mean to keep awake,
I'll shut them for a rest, you see;
So little Star still shine on me.
And when you have to fade away,
The Bells will ring for Christmas-Day!

E. BAUMER WILLIAMS.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

THE REV. W. J. CLARKE.

WE had not ceased to mourn for the loss of Mr. Tranter, the Home Missionary of the Church of the Messiah, when another leader in the cause of neglected humanity was struck down in the good fight. The warning of the approaching end was longer than in Mr. Tranter's case, Mr. Clarke's last illness lasting for ten days. The funeral took place on Thursday in last week. A funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. Worsley Austin in Hurst-street Chapel, which was crowded in every part, and many had to be refused admittance. This was followed by a short service in the churchyard of Harborne Parish Church, where a considerable number of people assembled to take a last farewell, including some of the military veterans belonging to the association of which Mr. Clarke was honorary secretary.

Mr. Clarke was Missionary at Hurst-street for 28 years and 5 months, having been appointed in June, 1885. He had

previously been engaged in business and was then about to pay a visit to the United States, which was, however, abandoned. For upwards of 20 years he had been in the habit of conducting Unitarian worship in various parts of the country, and had often officiated at Hurst-street. He took up the work at a time when the outlook for the future was decidedly gloomy. The Missionary, the Rev. J. B. Gardner, had resigned, the Treasurer, Mr. Brooke Smith, had resigned, there was an adverse balance on the general account, and the subscription list was falling off. A suggestion had even been made to sell the Mission property and start afresh somewhere else. It was Mr. Clarke who saved the situation. It was soon found that he was a man of no ordinary kind, and admirably suited to the special sort of work required of him: hearty and genial in manner, utterly unselfish, full of restless energy and enthusiasm for his work, and naturally endowed with gifts as a speaker both in the pulpit and out of it. An ardent Liberal in politics, he never allowed himself to be drawn off his regular work to speak on a political platform. He threw himself thoroughly into all the various agencies connected with the Mission and was not satisfied till the number of persons engaged in any particular agency reached a goodly figure. He had a strong personal attachment to his friends and co-workers which increased as years went on, and he was the life and soul of social gatherings of all kinds connected with the Mission. He gave himself so entirely to the work in all its different phases that he seldom allowed himself to appear at meetings of Unitarians at other churches in the town, and this was felt by some to be a misfortune through the loss it occasioned of opportunities for giving the Mission greater prominence in the Unitarian world than it would otherwise have had. In his first report he says, "I do not shrink from expressing my belief that there is no reason why the future of the Hurst-street Mission should not equal or even exceed in real usefulness and genuine good whatever may have been accomplished in any of the most successful periods of its history." The result of his 28 years of work has more than proved the truth of his belief, and the magnitude of the work now carried on far exceeds that of any period in the former history of the Mission.

About a year after his appointment he prepared a scheme for extending the work of the Mission which involved the outlay of some hundreds of pounds in altering and improving the Mission buildings, and here the Committee found his aid in raising the necessary funds (about £1,300 was spent) exceedingly valuable. Increased activity in various directions followed the completion of the scheme, and the subscription list was considerably increased, and also more than once in later years. In addition to the ordinary subscription list the sum now raised annually for special relief and general expenses is far in excess of what was raised in former years. These sums were obtained almost entirely through Mr. Clarke's own efforts. He had a wonderful gift of inducing people to respond to his appeals, and these have been frequently made in the last 28 years. The donors have for a long time included a

large number of persons who are not Unitarians, but who recognised and appreciated the good Mr. Clarke was doing and that it was quite unsectarian in character. For some years past he had dropped the word Unitarian, and the chapel and schools were known as the Domestic Mission and People's Hall. A year or two ago Mr. Clarke met with an accident and was laid up for some months. He could only walk with difficulty for some time after his recovery, but he gradually found himself going on with his work much as before. From increasing age and diminished strength his vitality was not equal to the strain. He conducted 15 services in one month, besides doing other work, and after a heavy day's visiting a short time afterwards he was seized with the illness from which he never recovered. Excess of energy brought his career to a close, and many hundreds of his friends and of those for whom he strove are left to mourn his loss.

Memorial services were held at Hurst-street on Sunday last, and the Rev. J. Worsley Austin was the preacher at night to a crowded congregation.

HERBERT NEW.

THE LATE MRS. HENRY RUTT.

THE death of Mrs. Henry Rutt, announced last week, has been widely felt. By all to whom she was really known she was loved with an ever-deepening affection. Her early married life in London was a bright and active one. Bearing names of high honour in Rutt and Lister, both husband and wife carried on the joint tradition in religious work in Kensington. For a few happy years they worked in harness, she as secretary of the Sunday school, he as secretary of Essex Church, making many friends and leaving fragrant memories. But in 1891 Mr. Rutt died after a brief illness, and for over twenty years his widow lived in childless loneliness. She hid her sadness for the sake of others, did not lose her innate humour and zest, and turned her own troubles into deepest sympathy with the troubles of others, and kept to the last her practical, thoughtful, generous kindness. Of this two London churches bear special and grateful witness; she was also a member until recently of the London Domestic Mission Committee. When not engaged in good works for others she travelled in many lands, and her travel letters were valued much for their original observations. She had many friends—more than she realised, and one faithful companion to mourn her loss. The interment took place in the West Hampstead Cemetery and was conducted by the Revs. Frank K. Freeston and I. E. Stronge. In addition to the relations friends were present from Essex Church, Kilburn, Kentish Town, and other London congregations.

MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

WESTGATE CHAPEL, LEWES.

EXTENSIVE alterations have been effected in the interior of Westgate Chapel, Lewes. The large square building, built of flints, and dating back to Tudor days, has been

divided so as to provide a beautiful church on a smaller scale, a fine lecture hall, and a spacious vestibule. A detailed description of the alterations is given in a note by the architect below, but we may say that the whole scheme is a notable triumph of ingenuity and good taste. The church itself with its dark panelling, has a great deal of the appearance and dignity of a college chapel, and might well be taken as an example in other places where a similar rearrangement could be effected. The Westgate Chapel has a notable history, as the following note written by the minister, the Rev. J. M. Connell, will show:—"The building now called Westgate Chapel is of venerable antiquity. It is said to have been originally the town house of a county family. Part of the interior was altered for use as a place of public worship in 1687; the remaining part was transformed and added in 1700. The west side is built on the old town wall; the north side adjoins what was once the 'Bull Inn,' hence the Chapel was long known as the 'Bull Meeting.' The first minister was the Rev. Edward Newton, M.A., who had been ejected from the living of St. Anne's in consequence of the passing of the Act of Uniformity. The congregation of Protestant Dissenters who have worshipped here from generation to generation have availed themselves of the freedom which the Trust Deed allowed them, and which their conscience demanded to interpret Divine things in the light of new knowledge and experience; and thus in their theology they gradually passed from Calvinism to Unitarianism or Liberal Christianity. The present minister and members, like their predecessors, have no written creed to which they must subscribe; but they agree in holding that the essentials of religion are summed up in Christ's two commandments of love to God and love to man."

A service of re-opening and dedication was held on Wednesday afternoon, December 17, conducted by the Rev. J. M. Connell and the Rev. W. H. Drummond, minister of the Southern Provincial Assembly. The first lesson was read by Mr. J. H. Every, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Joseph Wood. There was a large congregation, including the Mayor and other prominent citizens and several of the Non-conformist ministers of the town. After the service there was tea in the new lecture hall, followed by a public meeting in the chapel at which Alderman Every, J.P., presided. Numerous messages of congratulation had been received from friends at a distance including Dr. Drummond, Principal Carpenter, Dr. J. E. Odgers, Mr. W. Blake Odgers, K.C., the Rev. W. C. Bowie and the Rev. J. Felstead, a former minister. The chairman made a delightful speech, full of reminiscences of the history of the congregation and his own early memories, and appealed strongly to his fellow-worshippers to be loyal to their noble traditions, and to accept the joy of service and of doing good. The short speeches which followed by the Revs. W. H. Drummond, H. Gow, B. Wilkinson (the senior Free Church minister in Lewes), J. Wood and P. Prime, were full of the note of congratulation to the congregation on the earnestness and liberality which they had shown, and the happiness they must

feel in the new opportunities which lay before them. Mr. R. P. Jones, to whose skill and fine taste the wonderful success of the alterations is chiefly due, gave a brief explanation of the aim which he had kept before him in the work, and explained that there was nothing in the simple and beautiful effect produced which was out of the reach of any congregation with only a moderate amount of money to spend. He hoped that that was the last public meeting which would be held in the chapel itself, for he felt that it should be kept as a place of quietness and worship. The Rev. J. M. Connell expressed the cordial thanks of himself and the congregation to all who had helped them in the work, architect, builder, and subscribers, and to those who had taken part in the service and the meeting. It was felt by all present that there was throughout the proceedings a spirit of harmony, of quiet happiness and confident hope for the future which no report could adequately convey.

NOTE ON THE ALTERATIONS.

BEFORE the alterations a small and cramped porch led directly into the chapel, a large bare interior about 50 ft. square, with a row of tall columns running across its centre to carry the roof.

A partition has been put in between these columns, forming, on the further side from the entrance, the new chapel, of the usual oblong shape, while the other half of the building is again divided into a large school room, or lecture hall, and a vestibule leading from the porch both to the chapel and schoolroom. The chapel has been entirely transformed, the communion table standing on a platform under the end window, with the pulpit on one side and the organ in a recess on the other. The pulpit itself is a good piece of simple eighteenth century oak panelling; the disfiguring varnish has been removed, and a new oak base and staircase provided. In the old position it stood on the former sounding board, which, with two supporting brackets, had at some previous date been transferred from its original position to serve this opposite purpose; the underside of the board has a beautiful inlaid star in lighter wood; and as it was not practicable to put a sounding board over the pulpit in the new chapel, it has been fixed on the floor level near the entrance, and will serve as a handsome "book table," and the inlaid pattern will again be exposed to view after a long period of obscurity.

The walls are panelled all round in brown stained wood to a height of about 8 ft., in order to obtain a restful and dignified effect, and the flat ceiling has been divided by projecting beams carried on brackets. Considerable time and trouble has been spent on the new pews, by comparing known examples, and experimenting with models, so that the result may be taken as a "model" pew according to modern requirements. A fine communion table of the Jacobean period completes the fittings of the interior, and new radiators and gas service have been installed. The walls are distempered pale buff, and the proper contrast in the colour scheme is supplied by the dark peacock-blue hassocks, pew seating, and aisle-matting.

A much larger and more convenient porch has been built, with a tiled floor and white internal panelling. Outside, decorative effect is given by the leaded glazing of the door panels and fanlight, and by a projecting hood carried on carved brackets.

The architect was Mr. Ronald P. Jones, of London, and the work was executed by Mr. Hammond, of Lewes.

"EAGER-HEART."

THE annual performances of "Eager-Heart," which are again attracting large numbers of people to the Church House, Westminster, have become an almost indispensable part of the Christmas festival. There may be some who, glancing through the play in a critical spirit, will wonder what there is in it that can account for its great popularity. "The theme is well enough, but so hackneyed," you hear them saying; "the ideas are so trite and the moral so old-fashioned. Besides, Eager-Sense and Eager-Fame are the divinities to which we all pay homage nowadays, and renunciation, far from being acclaimed a supreme virtue, is regarded as a sign of slave-morality." And yet, year after year, silent crowds sit in the darkness and watch the unfolding of this familiar drama, to the accompaniment of Bach's Christmas Oratorio music, and appear as interested, and are perhaps as deeply stirred by the wistful song of Eager-Heart as she makes ready for her Lord, as if they were following the mystical adventures of Lohengrin or the son of Heart Sorrow. The secret lies partly in the author's simple and direct method of approaching fundamental truths; partly in the intelligence and reverence of the players, and the religious atmosphere which they create; and partly in the fact that the human heart, however it may veil itself in scepticism or worldliness, is never able to resist the appeal of trustful faith, or the promise of the Christ-Child that should be born anew in every soul at this season of the year. Let no one be deceived: "Eager-Heart" deals with no abstruse problems; it is not concerned with philosophical arguments about right and wrong; it throws no light on political questions, and it does not assume that any doubt exists in the normal mind as to the superiority of character over wealth and power. There is nothing in this simple little play that a child could not understand, and nothing, we fear, that we have not heard many times before. But as long as suffering exists which compassion may alleviate, as long as it is true that "to live the life of goodness is to live the life of all," and as long as the kings of the earth go wandering still in search of a peace and joy which crowns and swords and the pomp of courts cannot give, it will not fail of its mission.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Ballee: Co. Down.—At a largely attended meeting of the congregation of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church held on December 14, the Rev. J. H. Bibby an-

nounced that he had bought out, from the Irish Land Commission, their claim on 5 acres, 1 rood, 15 perches of land on which the church property stands, viz., the grounds, fields, &c., thus making the church property self-contained, and absolutely free of rent, for ever. The new trust is for the use and benefit of the ministers in succession, so long as they are in connection with the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland; but if at any time the minister should cease to act as a minister in connection with this church, then during such time as said minister shall cease so to act, or should the congregation of Ballee cease from any cause as a worshipping society, the said lands should be held in trust for the Sustentation Fund of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland, to be applied towards augmenting the stipend of ministers belonging to the said Non-Subscribing Church. On the proposition of Mr. J. D. Stitt, seconded by Mr. Adam Kelly, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Bibby, not only for his latest gift, but also for his former generous act in providing for a large deficit on the manse building, and general renovation of the Meeting House.

Leeds.—A bazaar in aid of the funds of the Yorkshire Union was opened at the Priestley Hall, Leeds, on Thursday, December 4, by Mr. G. H. Leigh, President of the B. and F.U.A. It was jointly promoted by the churches of the Union in order to raise £1,000 for the support of the churches dependent upon the Union for annual grants, the furtherance of mission work, and the raising of an additional fund of £2,000 to be called the Hargrove Memorial Fund, which it is intended to invest, the interest to be used in helping individual churches to establish independence funds. In the absence of Mr. F. W. Kitson, chairman of the bazaar committee, Mr. G. E. Verity, president. The Rev. Charles Hargrove presided over a large attendance on the second day in the absence of Mrs. F. W. Kitson, when the opening ceremony was performed by Mr. Charles N. Boyle, of Leeds. The chair was occupied on Saturday by Mr. Grosvenor Talbot, a life-long supporter and officer of the Yorkshire Union, who referred to the happy and hearty way in which many friends had co-operated in preparing for the bazaar. Mr. Charles Hawksley, who performed the opening ceremony, expressed his warm approval of the scheme of encouraging the less strong to become stronger by the formation of the proposed independence funds. A few more donations have still to come in, and it is hoped that these will enable the committee to hand over £1,000 clear to the Union.

London: Bell Street Mission.—The Rev. H. Gow writes from 12, Glenloch-road, Hampstead, N.W., as follows:—"May I, as hon. secretary of the London Domestic Mission Society, appeal for help at our Bell Street Mission through your columns? The Archibald system of Sunday-school teaching has been lately introduced into the primary department under the skilled and sympathetic management of Miss Anthony. She is in great need of a pianist on Sunday afternoons from 3 to 4.30 p.m. I should be very glad to hear of someone who would kindly give this assistance. We should be prepared, if necessary, to give a small honorarium to cover expenses."

London: National Unitarian Temperance Association.—Nearly 200 children from all parts of London gathered at Essex Hall on Saturday, December 13. The following Bands of Hope took part:—Highgate, Kilburn, Peckham, Stamford-street, Islington, Stepney, Newington Green, Kentish Town. Mr. J. Bredall presided, and a short address was given by the Rev. W. J. Piggott.

London: University Hall.—An invitation from the Little Portland-street congregation to the Rev. John Hunter, D.D. (who has just

retired from the position of minister at Trinity Church, Glasgow), to preach on Sunday mornings at University Hall, from the third Sunday in April to the last Sunday in July next year, has been accepted. Dr. Hunter preached at University Hall a few months ago to a large congregation.

Manchester: Blackley.—A successful entertainment took place in the schoolroom on Saturday last, December 13, when an operetta, "The Wishing Cap," was given by the scholars, and a play, "Creed and Character," was performed by adults. The entertainment will be repeated to-day, December 20.

Manchester: Longsight.—The Sunday School Anniversary and Scholars' Festival was held last Sunday, when appropriate sermons were delivered by the Rev. E. Gwilym Evans, B.A., of Dukinfield. In the afternoon the scholars, teachers, and friends rendered a sacred cantata, entitled "Cloud and Sunshine," and special music was given by the choir at each of the other services, Mr. Oliver H. Heys presiding at the organ as usual. The church has recently been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and very tastefully decorated, the re-opening services being conducted by the Rev. F. Heming Vaughan, B.A., of Gee Cross.

Manchester: Moss Side.—At a well-attended meeting of the Ladies' Society on Thursday, December 11, a presentation of an inlaid writing cabinet was made to Mrs. A. Cunliffe Fox, who is shortly removing from Manchester. Mrs. John Wood, in handing the gift to Mrs. Fox, spoke of the happy relations which had existed between her and the members of the Society throughout the eight years of her connection with the church at Moss Side.

Padiham.—The annual sale of work and Christmas tree was held in the schoolroom at Knight-hill on Saturday and Monday, December 13 and 15. The opening ceremony on Saturday was performed by the Rev. Thomas Munn, Mr. Harrold Johnson presiding; and on Monday by the Sunday school children, who had been specially trained for the occasion by Mrs. T. W. Waddington and Mrs. W. A. Robinson. The total amount realised was £234.

Preston.—A sale of work and Christmas fair was held in the schoolroom on December 11; £62 was realised, in addition to £85 realised since September.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER DAYS AND OTHER LANDS.

We are glad to see that Mr. Clement Miles's extremely interesting book on "Christmas in Ritual and Tradition," has gone into a second edition. Mr. Miles has gleaned a rich harvest in a fruitful field, and has shown how the festival of the Nativity took its rise "soon after the victory of the Catholic doctrine of Christ's person at Nicea" and spread from Rome to every quarter of the Empire, and how the Church at first condemned with horror the relics of pagan feasts which clung round the same season of the year, only to incorporate these pagan elements later on in the Christian tradition which they humanised and enriched.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting chapters deals with the Nativity plays, "miracles," and "mysteries," of the Middle Ages, which were so closely in accord with the dramatic character of Catholic worship. As they were performed out of doors, winter was naturally found to be the most unsuitable time, and so, curiously

enough, the Christmas plays were acted in the summer. "The figures of the drama are contemporaries of the spectators both in garb and character; they are not Orientals of ancient times, but Europeans at the end of the Middle Ages. Bethlehem is a 'faier borow,' Herod a 'mody king,' like unto some haughty, capricious, and violent monarch of the time, the shepherds are rustics of England or Germany or France or Italy, the Magi mighty potentates with gorgeous trains, and the Child Himself is a little being subject to all the pains and necessities of infancy, but delighted with sweet and pleasant things like a bob of cherries or a ball. The realism of the writers is sometimes astounding, and comic elements often appear—to the people of the Middle Ages religion was so real and natural a thing that they could laugh at it without ceasing to believe in or to love it."

* * *

MR. MILES reminds us that "the Reformation gave a great impetus to German religious song, and we owe to it some of the finest of Christmas hymns. It is, no doubt, largely due to Luther, that passionate lover of music and folk-poetry, that hymns have practically become the liturgy of German Protestantism; yet he did but give typical expression to the natural instincts of his countrymen for song. Luther, though a rebel, was no Puritan; we can hardly call him an iconoclast; he had a conservative mind, which only gradually became loosened from its old attachments. His was an essentially artistic nature: 'I would fain,' he said, 'see all arts, especially music, in the service of Him who has given and created them,' and in the matter of hymnody he continued, in many respects, the Mediæval German tradition. Homely, kindly, a lover of children, he had a deep feeling for the festival of Christmas, and not only did he translate into German 'A solis ortus cardine' and 'Veni, redemptor gentium,' but he wrote for his little son Hans one of the most delightful and touching of all Christmas hymns,

I come from heaven to tell

The best newells that ever befell."

* * *

"THE modern Christmas," Mr. Miles writes at the close of his attractive book, "is above all things a children's feast, and the elders who join in it put themselves upon their children's level. We have noted how ritual acts, once performed with serious purpose, tend to become games for youngsters, and have seen many an example of this process in the sports and mummeries kept up by the elder folk for the benefit of the children. We have seen, too, how the radiant figure of the Christ-child has become a gift-bringer for the little ones. At no time in the world's history has so much been made of children as to-day, and because Christmas is their feast its lustre continues unabated in an age upon which dogmatic Christianity has largely lost its hold, which laughs at the pagan superstitions of its forefathers. Christmas is the feast of beginnings, of instinctive, happy childhood; the Christian idea of the Immortal Babe renewing weary, stained humanity, blends with the thought of the New Year, with its hope and promise, aid in the cradle of time."

THE EARLIEST GOLD COIN.

What is described by the *Times* as the earliest gold coin, and the only known example of the gold coinage of the Anglo-Saxon King Offa (A.D. 757-796), the friend of Charlemagne, has just been purchased for the nation by the trustees of the British Museum, with the assistance of several private subscribers. It is remarkable not only on account of its uniqueness and of the fact that it is the earliest gold coin that can be definitely ascribed to any English king, but also because, although it was struck by a Christian king, it bears a Mahommedan inscription in Arabic. At the time of the issuing of the coin the Arabic dinar formed a large part of the gold currency of Europe, and it is believed that it was for this reason that Offa caused an exact imitation of an existing Arabic coin to be made for his own use. While the artificer may have been, and most probably was, ignorant of Arabic, the characters were reproduced with such fidelity as to make it easy to decipher them to-day. The inscription runs, "There is no other God but the one God. He has no equal. Mahomed is the apostle of God, . . ." &c. The coin is in a very fine state of preservation.

FINGER PRINTS.

On the glass which formerly covered the *Monna Lisa*, which has turned up so unexpectedly in Florence after being lost for two years, were a number of fingerprints, but only one of these was perfect. This was found to correspond with previous records left by the artisan, Perugia, who stole the picture, and some surprise has been expressed that the discovery was not made at first. M. Bertillon, says the *Times* Paris correspondent, explains that there are in his department 750,000 criminal records, and these are catalogued and classified under different body measurements, and arranged in various categories of finger-prints. Only the print of the right-hand thumb, however, is used for classification purposes, and the only clear mark found on the glass which covered the stolen picture was that of the left-hand thumb. This print M. Bertillon's department actually possessed, but in the absence of the thief's name, or his right-thumb mark, it was untraceable.

SUPPLYING ALCOHOL WITHOUT PROFIT.

Opinion is divided as to the benefits of "disinterested management," but something is surely to be said in favour of a public-house where nothing is made on alcoholic drinks, but a percentage is given on the sales of other goods and drinks, so long as the public-house cannot be abolished altogether. This, at least, is urged by the supporters of an experiment, sanctioned by the London County Council last Tuesday, to further temperance in the Tabard-street area, which is being cleared by an improvement scheme. Three or four licences will be done away with, but it is proposed that a site should be granted to the Home Counties Public House Trust in order that a respectably conducted establishment, where other things can be obtained besides alcohol, may be erected. The new public-house will be the first to be established by the Trust within the administrative County of London.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED

BY PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, F.C.A.

DEC. 20, 1913.

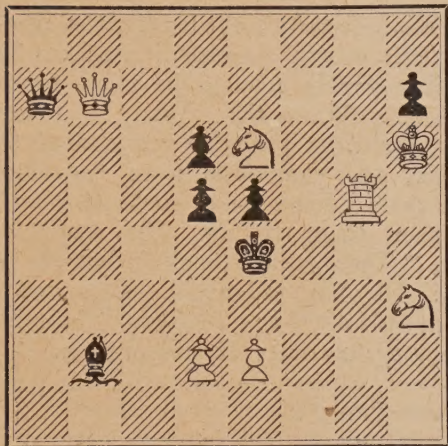
All communications for this department must be addressed to the office of THE INQUIRER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., marked "Chess." Criticisms and solutions will be acknowledged, and should be received the Saturday following publication.

PROBLEM No. 37.

BY GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

(First Prize, American Chess Bulletin.)

BLACK. (7 men.)



WHITE. (7 men.)

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF No. 35.

1. B. R6 (key-move).

Correct solutions have been received from J. Johnson, D. Amos, W. E. Arkell, R. B. D. (Edinburgh), Walter Coventry, A. Mielziner (also No. 34), J. R. W. (Belfast), A. J. Hamblin, Geo. Ingledew (also No. 32), Rev. B. C. Constable, R. E. Shawcross, Dr. C. G. Higginson, L. Gordon Rylands, F. S. M. (Mayfield), Rev. I. Wrigley.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rev. B. C. CONSTABLE and ANOTHER.—It is always hard to introduce strategy into a two-mover, and in No. 36 this has been done, since the reason for 1. R. Kt3 and no other square is quite a subtle one. Moreover, six solvers have failed to solve it. Preponderance of force is of no moment. Indeed it is extraordinary that some less subtle move does not suffice.

A. G. STUBBS (Hertford).—My best thanks for the contributions. I have had no time for the synthetic as yet.

W. C. COUPLAND.—I must ask you to specify which of Mr. Locock's compositions presents difficulty to you. Surely, with the solutions before you, the problems are followed accurately? Without such indication I confess I do not understand your query.

To all my correspondents I wish the most cordial greetings, as the festive season is now upon us.

Our quotation this week is a fine example. If Black's moves are taken in rotation, a mate is found ready prepared; yet even this discovery will not give any clue whatever to the first move. If there was, say, a White pawn at QR3, then 1. P. R4 would be a solution. As there is, however, no such pawn, what move is there that will mark time, leaving existing arrangements undisturbed? It will be found to be, thematically, somewhat akin to Nos. 35 and 36, but it has points of interest not to be found in either of these positions.

MERTHYR TYDFIL UNITARIAN CHURCH.

THE Church is burdened with a debt of about £400, and this the congregation are now making a special effort to wipe off. To help to achieve that end with as little delay as possible it has been decided to hold a

CAKE FAIR

on January 15, 1914. Baking and Toffee Competitions and also Pincushion Competitions will be held, particulars of which may be had from the Secretary.

Contributions of Cakes, Sweets, or Cash are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully acknowledged by Miss MARY W. DAVIS, Treasurer, 113, High Street, Merthyr Tydfil; or FRANK A. WHITING, Secretary, 52, Pontmorlais, Merthyr Tydfil.

UNIVERSITY HALL,

Gordon Square, W.C.

(Between Russell Square and Euston Square.)

Morning, 11.15. Evening, 7.

December.

21. Rev. NEANDER ANDERTON, B.A., of Monton.

28. Rev. JAMES HARWOOD, B.A. (Morning only; no evening service.)

SUSTENTATION FUND

FOR THE

Augmentation of Ministers' Stipends.

AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to be held on **Wednesday, February 11, 1914**, the Contributors will have to elect two Managers in place of Mr. John Dendy, who has retired, and of Mr. T. A. Colfox, who is about to retire; and a Manager in place of Sir Edgar Chatfield-Clarke, who retires by rotation and is eligible for re-election.

Any Contributor may be nominated by two other Contributors to fill a vacancy on the Board of Management. Such nominations must be sent to me before January 1, 1914.

HAROLD F. PEARSON, Hon. Sec.,
22, College Hill, London, E.C.

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